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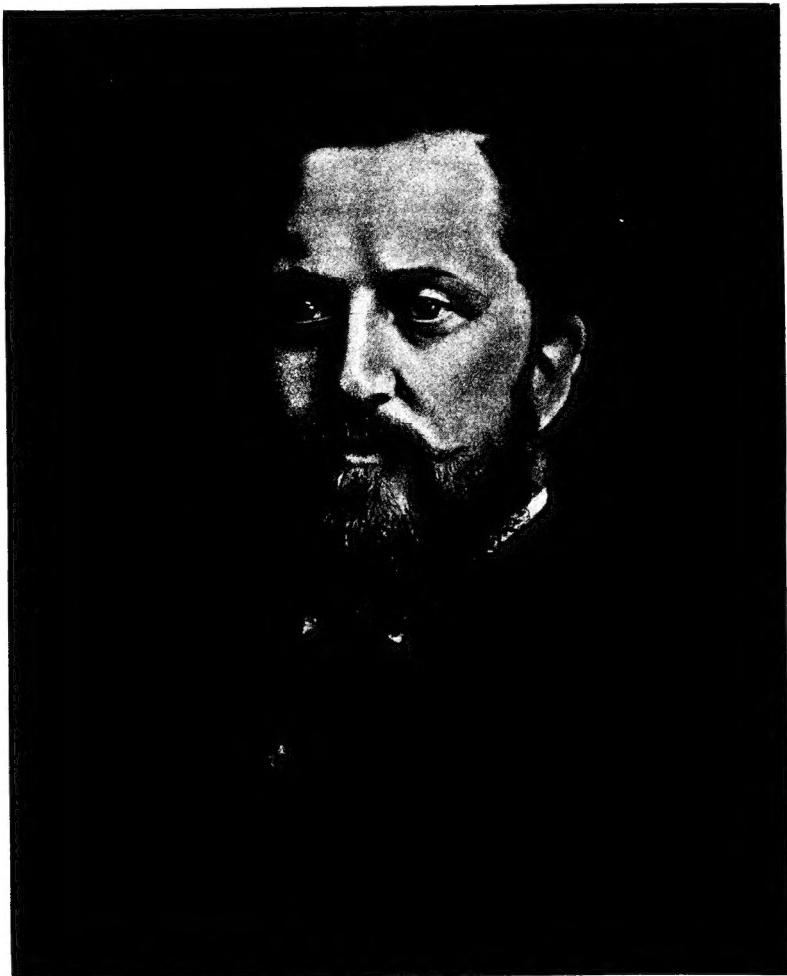
THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 2.

MONTRÉAL, 14th JULY, 1888.

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HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR FREDERICK ARTHUR STANLEY,
BARON STANLEY OF PRESTON, G.C.B.,
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

14th JULY, 1888.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

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AGENCY OF "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IN TORONTO.—MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, are our agents for Toronto and Western Ontario, authorised to receive subscriptions and take advertisements for "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.



There is a painful rumour of endemic disease at Redbank Farm. Within a short time three valuable horses, of Kentucky birth—the classic land of the American thoroughbred—have died almost suddenly. Among the practical institutions of Ontario, there is none that has done more good than Redbank. Montreal seems disposed to follow suit with the old Percheron and Nivernais breeds.

We are promised a new Atlantic port on Canadian soil. St. Andrews, at the northern end of Pasamaquoddy Bay, will probably rise from its decay and, becoming connected with the Canadian Pacific system, may turn out the Canadian Atlantic shipping point nearest to Montreal. A large amount of foreign capital is being invested there, with the view of making St. Andrews a watering place as well.

There have been some feeble excuses attempted for the fees charged on the Canadian side of the International Park at Niagara Falls. It is said that the contribution is so small as not to be worth talking about, and that it is meant only to keep the payment of guardians' expenses. No such argument will hold. That park should be wholly free, as is the American, else Canada will be made a laughing stock and a by-word.

The fruit harvest will be quite plentiful this year. Early in the season Mr. Charles Gibb, the well-known Abbotsford orchardist, foretold that apples would yield with exceptional abundance.

And while that forecast has come true, it is further pleasant to know that small fruit—strawberries, raspberries, plums, cherries, currants, gooseberries and other varieties—will be of cheap access. It surprises one to know how many poor people make food of fruit.

Our remarks, last week, on the coming of age of the Dominion, have been echoed far and wide. The chief organs of the press noticed the day in their editorial columns, and the people turned out in crowds to celebrate the event by amusement and recreation. It is calculated that, in Montreal alone, twenty thousand men, women and children went forth into the country on the holiday. This is a rational form of enjoyment, as it furnishes links of attachment to the country.

The Victoria Rifles, of this city, chose Toronto as their point of excursion, and were not disappointed. They went forth in all their martial bravery, marched through the chief streets of the Queen of the Lake, and were everywhere received with a welcome admiration. The country battalions also turned out in many places, the 53rd, of Sherbrooke, for instance, setting the example by timing its inspection for that day.

The fruit garden of Canada is the Niagara Peninsula. That tongue of land, entwined by the waters of Erie and Ontario, and fecundated, it may be, by the mist of the great Falls, is favoured in a special way, and the districts that are like it may be mentioned on the fingers—such as Rochester, in New York; Newark, in New Jersey, and Annapolis, in Maryland. Although in a higher latitude, the Niagara country is less than none of these.

There is nothing like bearding the lion in his den. The Ship Labourers' Society, of Quebec, has been a terror for years and none dared face it, until it almost ruined the water trade of the ancient capital. A private member of the Legislature, however, took up the matter fearlessly, with the result that, in less than two months, the society came to satisfactory terms. This is a most encouraging piece of news, not only for Quebec but for the whole shipping trade.

The Republicans had quite a choice for the chief magistracy, even outside of Mr. Blaine. Although circumstances have not been such as to bring out great men, there is perhaps no country in the world where so many available men can step forward to the call for the highest and most burdensome offices. Gresham and Alger, both from the West, were thoroughly eligible and either would make a good President. Senator Sherman is a power, but lacks personal influence and is narrow and bitter on *post-bellum* issues. Chauncey Depew is too talkative and too far entangled in railway monopolies.

The atrocities of campaign literature, in the United States, are worse than ever. Some of the writers and the papers are a disgrace to civilization. A person—since dismissed—began by charging Mr. Cleveland with wife-beating and other abominations. Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, Speaker of the United States, and almost Vice-President, calls the President "the Jumbo" (with an offensive adjective) of the White House. This is bad enough, but what will be said of the following, sent to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* from Boston, and signed Lilian Whiting? "I hear that Mrs. Harrison is a woman of cultivation and charms. It will not be the least of a needed

change to see a woman of refinement and personal dignity presiding at the White House, rather than one of tawdry and vulgar ideals, to whom personal advertising appears to be the aim of existence."

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

Both in the introductory notice of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and in the course of a separate article, last week, we referred to the steady growth of the Northwest and its prospective political sway in the not distant future. Events of the most weighty result follow each other in such swift succession that we hardly heed them, and only half understand their bearing. Four of these mighty events have, within the short space of eighteen years, directly made of the Northwest what it is to-day, from the dreary "Lone Land," which it was till then. The first was the admission of Manitoba into the Confederacy, in 1870; the uprising of the Half-Breeds; the murder of Scott; the expulsion of McDougall; the flight of Schultz, and Wolsley's expedition. The gates of the old Indian fort at Garry were forced, and the flag of responsible government planted on the prairie. The second incident was the purchase of the Hudson's Bay Territory, the finest stroke of business that Canadian statesmen ever made, throwing open those same boundless prairies to civilization up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The third point to be recalled is the second rising of the Half-Breeds and Indians, in 1885; the magnificent turn-out of the militia; the utter quelling of the rebellion, and such assertion of lawful authority as will hereafter keep the wild elements of those prairies in wholesome bounds. A further result has been the overhauling of the administration in the territories, and a correction of the glaring abuses which doubtless existed, and which gave a colouring of pretext for the hostility of the malcontents. A still further effect is the assurance of peace and protection in that far country. It is now known in Europe and elsewhere that emigrants, pioneers, and settlers of all kinds may come and build their cabins, in the valley or on the slope, on the plain or in a clearing of the wildwood, without dread of the wolf-cry of the Cree, or the rifle-crack of his lawless ally. The fourth and last episode was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway—that long, strong, bright link of steel which binds the fair little island on the Atlantic coast with her bigger sister on the shores of the blue Pacific. There is a marvel of statesmanship—we put this first, by right—of financing, of enterprise, of engineering skill and of noble faith in the country in an enterprise, which was so swiftly wrought that few of us hardly noticed it. The contract was for ten years, in 1891, and the chronic croakers kindly stretched it out to the twentieth century. Instead of that, the enterprise started in earnest in 1881, and in 1886 all was finished—the project before an astonished world being a locomotive, with a fully equipped train, speeding the whole way from Montreal to Vancouver, and continuing the service daily ever since. There is no telling what effect this wonderful feat had abroad, and how much it has done toward insuring the flow of settlement and feeding the channels of prosperity. Thus the great Northwest stands to-day, and thus it will go on. It cannot choose but grow, and become the balance of power in our political and administrative system.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The contest for the two highest offices in the gift of the American people is now fairly begun and, unfortunately, as we have stated in a separate paragraph, the fire of personal abuse bids fair to be hotter than ever. The candidates are in presence, and they are about as good representatives of their party as could be chosen. Mr. Cleveland's nomination was a foregone conclusion, and the Democrats showed their regard for the fitness of things by receiving his name in a whirlwind of acclaim. The choice of Mr. Thurman was no less a natural outcome of public feeling. As was stated in our previous number, the ex-Senator from Ohio is admitted to be one of the greatest men in the United States, fit to be President of the Union, and the use of his name was meant as a powerful lever for the success of the Democratic cause.

The Republican candidates are not so much in view, and personally their strength is less than that of their two opponents. Mr. Harrison is of good Virginia stock, with one ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence, and another who won the battle of Tippecanoe, crushing the Shawnee prophet, brother of Tecumseh, and succeeding Martin Van Buren in the White House. The Republican candidate has also the advantage of military service, and of political experience in the Indiana Legislature and the Senate of the United States. The chief object, however, was to secure the vote of the doubtful State of Indiana, from which he hails. Of the choice for the Vice-Presidency, it is enough to say that Mr. Levi P. Morton was selected solely to break the force of Mr. Cleveland's strength in New York State. Outside of that local claim, Mr. Morton, although a gentleman of wealth and culture, who worthily represented his country in France, has not the reputation nor the experience of the public man.

With regard to the result of the campaign, we can only repeat the hackneyed phrase that it is too early to tell. A Presidential election is largely a matter of risks and accidents. While the chances seem to lean in favour of the Democrats, we should not be surprised to see the Republicans win. They must not carry the course of vituperation too far, however, for that must produce, in behalf of their adversaries, the very reaction to which they hope to make for themselves. The standing advantages of the Democrats are that they are in power, and have the whole machinery of Government under their control; that the "Mugwumps"—the elegant name of Republican independents—are still faithful to Mr. Cleveland, for a second term; and that, on the question of the tariff, both "platforms" are unsatisfactory, the Democratic promising at least something tangible to the people, which the Republican does not.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is working on a new story called "The Pretty Sister of Jose."

Rev. Clarence Walworth, of Albany, has a new poem on the legend of Lake George, called "Andiatoroote."

M. Taine's health is greatly improved, and he has resumed work on his "History of the French Revolution."

Bret Harte is in greater demand than ever socially, and will not have the privilege of dining alone before the end of July.

The Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston, deserve a review and will get it.

Professor Roberts, our Canadian sonneteer, is at present engaged in editing "Poems of Wild Life," which will appear in the Camelot series.

Mr. J. D. Edgar's poem, "The White Canoe," has not yet reached us, but we are told, by letter from Toronto, that it was illustrated by Mr. W. D. Blatchley, an English artist, of Toronto.

Mr. Kingsford's History of Canada is progressing steadily. It is a pity it was not put before the public, as a whole, since thus the sale which it should meet with could have been readily controlled.

Mr. W. D. Lighthill, during his summer vacation, will edit two volumes of Canadian Poetical Literature, for the Canterbury Poets series, issued by Walter Scott, of London and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies has an example to follow from the sister society of Manitoba, which has published Charles N. Bell's paper on Alexander Henry's Journal in the Northwest.

June 6 was the 282nd anniversary of the birth of Corneille. The Theatre Francais observed the occasion in a befitting manner by a programme composed of "Horace," "Le Menteur," and a prologue, "Le Soulier de Corneille."

On the crest of the hill at Concord is the path where Hawthorne used so persistently to walk, and not far away is "Sleepy Hollow" burying ground where they "so softly lie"—Emerson and Alcott, Hawthorne and Thoreau.

A valuable monograph is the story of "Our Lady of the Assumption of the Beautiful River," at old Fort Duquesne, the present Pittsburgh. The authors are A. A. Lambing and M. M. Sheedy. The booklet will be further noticed in these columns.

Mr. Donnelly's claim that the author of "Hamlet" must have read the work of Saxo Grammaticus in the original Danish, and that Shakespeare could not have known Danish, is interfered with by the fact that Saxo Grammaticus wrote in Latin.

I. G. H.

A learned friend writes to the editor asking whether we are not put into the world for two things alone, viz., that is to say:—Firstly (1^o), to try and make a few other people a little the happier for our having lived, and, secondly (2^o), to improve our character a little before we go to a better world? Would it, or would it not, help us in the latter slightly important object to paste up over our washstand, where we can see or read it when we wash our hands, a complete list of the virtues most worth our cultivating and vices most worth our loathing? Would not this help us to grab all the lucky chances we get every day to ensure the virtue and eschew the vice? We would, of course, put at the top of the list, writ large and perhaps in forceful symbol or in red ink, the virtues we should individually cherish, such as the magic letters I. G. H.—Invincible Good Humour—which, properly cultivated, would alone make all the whole world perfectly happy. So also, at the top of the vices, in big letters, we would put the loathsome we have individually most to agonize with; or, in other words, each one's own pet "besetting sin"—what Pope calls "master passion"—*fata dominante—vitium prepotens, euperistatos amaria*—such as dishonesty!

Montreal.

X. Y.

DAILY WINDING.

The watch in your pocket or that clock on the mantle-piece needs to be wound every day or every eight days. Neglect them over the day or over the week, and soon the tell-tale hands will remind you, and the confusion in your household or business would loudly call for the re-winding. Do you think your private devotions, or family prayer, or social and public worship would be more faithfully attended to if there were some tell-tale hands to show you that you were not coming up to time? Because God does not treat you like a machine, and does not remind you in a way that cannot be overlooked, you will therefore give more attention to your time-piece than your altar? Shall your own pleasure and convenience and secular business be of more regard to you than your religious condition, your spiritual happiness, or your devotional duties to yourself, to others and to God?



LORD STANLEY.—In our first number we had occasion to refer to the new Governor-General and to Lady Stanley. In presenting our readers to-day with a portrait of His Excellency, taken from a new photograph, we shall use the occasion to wish His Lordship a career of usefulness and prosperity in Canada, coupling the vow with the further hope that, as the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED begins its course at the same time that His Excellency enters upon his administration, the paper may thrive with him and have frequent opportunity of chronicling the chief events of his rule. His titles are the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, Baron Stanley of Preston, in the County of Lancaster, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

WINNIPEG CITY HALL.—This building deserves attention, were it only for its quaint architecture. The style is monumental Byzantine, and gives the appearance of a Turkish mosque. A further feature, which will interest the reader, is the monument in front, to the memory of the brave Winnipeg and Manitoba boys who fought, bled and died for their country in the late Northwest rebellion. The pedestal is surrounded by an iron railing and the base is supported by polished porphyry pilasters and surmounted by arched panels. In this is inserted a tablet, with a suitable inscription. The pillar is a Corinthian shaft, and the whole is topped by the figure of a rifleman, standing at ease, and leaning on his weapon. It will be observed that the picture was taken with the light from behind, which accounts for the peculiar effect of the whole.

ALBANY RIVER.—Where the Albany River flows into James' Bay, the coast is as low as possible, the water in front very shallow, and the country inland level and swampy. Fort Albany, one of the oldest and largest trading ports of the Hudson's Bay Company, is built on the south side of an island of the same name, inside the present mouth of the river. The channels on either side are about of equal size. Below it are two islands of sand and mud, covered with grass ledges and mud, but Albany Island is the first one which is timbered.

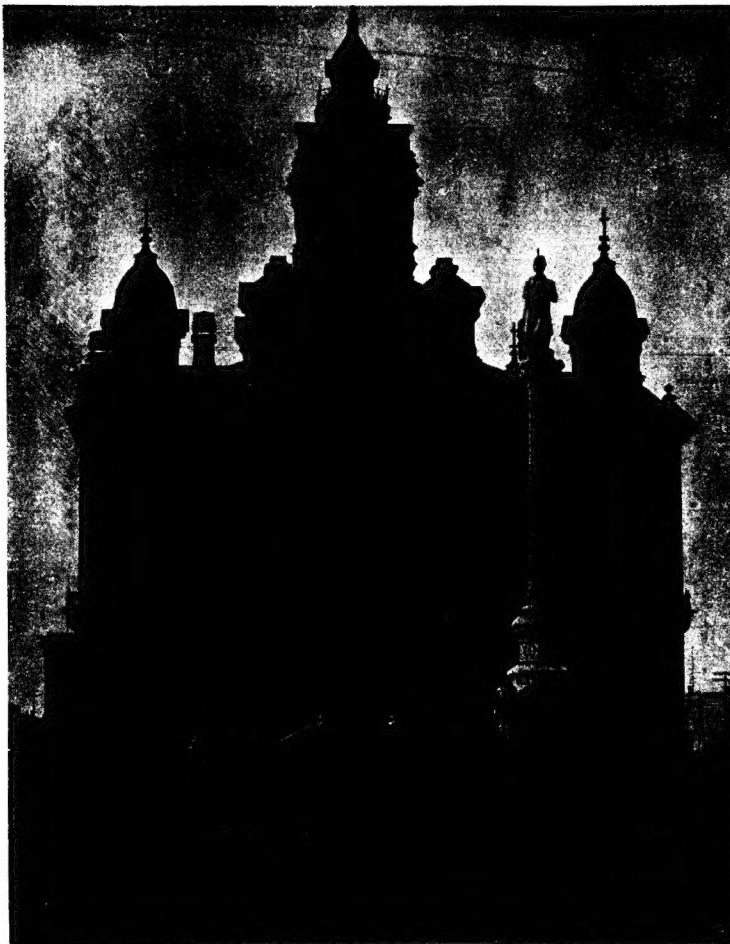
THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS is of extraordinary interest. The head of the huge ravine is filled with green ice, bending over the cliffs from a vast snow-and-ice plateau above, and pushing far down into the forest. Over it towers the superb peak of Sir Donald, and all around a circle of grandly sculptured mountains rise from the green forest into cloudland. From the hotel at the station it is but a short walk, by a saddle-path and easy path, to the glacier, upon whose wrinkled surface the adventurous may easily climb, and into whose water-worn caves one may penetrate and think himself in grottoes carved in emerald or sapphire. Glacier Station is at an altitude of 4,122 feet; 2,481 miles from Montreal, and 139 miles west of Banff.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—The view we present of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa is one of the most comprehensive to be had of this grand architectural group. To the extreme left are the locks, which give access to the Rideau Canal. Above these can be seen the Post Office and Custom House. Next to the right is the "Eastern Block" of Government offices; on the right centre, the great stretch and noble tower of the Legislative building, containing the Senate Chamber and House of Commons, and on the edge of the cliff the conical roof of the Library of Parliament; whilst to the extreme right looms up the McKenzie tower of the "Western Block."

NYNIA.—The blind heroine of Lord Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" is known to every lover of romantic literature. The pure and sightless little flower girl is thrown on her own resources, in the festal days before the direful catastrophe. Amid banquets and balls, Nydia gracefully dispensed her handsome scented wares, with a sorrowing touch and greeting; but through all her darkness her path was lighted by the love of Glaucus. This beautiful figure is by C. Von Bodenhausen, a Bavarian by birth, and one of the great artists of that artistic land.

THE CARTOON.—The story taken from "The Merchant of Venice" will be understood in the spirit of good-natured satire with which it is meant. The portraits of the Honourable the Chief Justice, the Honourable the Minister of Customs and Mr. Donald Macmaster, eminent in counsel, are faithfully drawn and will be readily known. As to the moral of the allegory, every reader will judge for himself; but the timeliness of the same will not be gainsaid when we witness the deep and general impression which the judgment of the Supreme Court, in the Ayer case, made on the business communities throughout the country.

FRESH FLOWERS.—Now that we are passing from the Solstice to the Caniculum, from the cool mornings and evenings of the long early summer to the red fires of the dog star, it is pleasant to set eyes upon so cool and so airy a sight as that of the nymph before us. Truly does the picture bear the name of "Fresh Flowers," for while the arms of the girl are filled with branches and blossoms of white hawthorn, just broken from the hedge, fresh with morning dew, she herself may be accounted the freshest flower of them all.



CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE ALBANY RIVER, HUDSON'S BAY.

From a photograph by Dr. R. Bell, in Geological Survey Report.



THE GREAT GLACIER, SELKIRK RANGE, ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

VILLANELLE.

Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,
Sharp and straight, of a gay, glad green,
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

Barter would I for the dross of the czars
These golden flowers and buds fifteen
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars?

Barter, would you, these scimitars,
Among which lit by their light so keen
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars?

No! For the breast may break its bars,
The heart its shell at sight of the sheen
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars.

Miles away from the mad earth's jars,
Beneath its leafy and shining screen
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

And I, self-caught with mortal scars,
I weep when I see in its radiant mien,
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

*The Week.**SERANUS.*

Two gentlemen were speaking of Canadian literature.

"Have you seen the last two Villanelles of Seranus?" said one, "both pitched in Lower Canada?"

"Pshaw! I don't mention Seranus. She's too knowing."

"You mean?"

"She is too clever by half."

The words were bitter, but the smile of the speaker showed that he meant appreciation. The example given above will still further enhance his good opinion of a lively pen.

A MISSISQUOI HOLIDAY.

BY JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

III.

Towering high above the village, and approached by winding paths, rustic stairways and bulwarks of igneous rock, is a park of surpassing grandeur and beauty, the view from which, over Missisquoi Bay, and afar over Lake Champlain, is unsurpassed in Lower Canada. The highest point is crowned by a large blockhouse, which is a fine sample of that kind of rude fort or citadel, so well known in the history of Canada, and so often linked with the most brilliant deeds of border daring. The Philipsburg blockhouse is of the type of that of St. Helen's Island, but of larger size. Unfortunately, it is in no better state of repair, a fact which I beg to lay before the proper military authorities, both Local and Federal.

This was the scene of our excursion. When the day came, waggons and vans were at hand to carry the ladies and the elder people to the foot of the hill, when they had perforce to walk up the stony road leading to the top. These vehicles were loaded with provisions, and the horses had quite enough to do drawing them forth. When the summit was reached at length, and fitting quarters were chosen inside and around the blockhouse, the festivities of the day began. There was no formality about it. Everybody seemed to do as he or she was minded. The young ones spread themselves all around for their several games and sports; the boys cleared off the ground for tennis, where the ladies joined, and for golf, which they selfishly reserved for themselves. The old people gathered in knots, under the shade of the trees, chatting in groups, knitting and sewing, reading novels, and some were never tired sweeping the magnificent land and water scapes with their field glasses.

I thought it singular that Sharpe should be suddenly taken with a scientific turn, purposing to go deeper into the wood, searching for rare plants, insects and minerals. My wonder waxed the stronger when, glancing at the two young ladies, I saw in their eyes that they too were agreeable. So we all started and—a further ground for marvel—there was no stir among the others at our going, as if it were a matter of course. We walked along for awhile on a stretch

of table land, our way being hindered by stumps, roots, broken boughs and trunks of fallen trees. A moment later we were in a little valley that opened under our feet like a cup, lined with grass and fringed with a variety of wild flowers. There we tarried for awhile, Sharpe and myself bringing in hands full of yellow, purple and white blossoms, with tufts of the greenest ferns and streamers of maidenhair. Ellen took these, with their rank, heavy autumnal smells, and garish hues, upon her lap, and assorted them, giving learned names and making sly allusions, addressed to each of the party in turn; while Annie wrought small bunches for each of us, and a number of huge ones for the table, near the blockhouse, at our picnic dinner. While this botanical diversion was going on, I had occasion to enter more deeply into acquaintance with the young ladies—or rather girls, to speak more plainly—inasmuch as they were both in that stage of undefined transition that lies betwixt the sixteenth and seventeenth year. At first I had to distribute my favours with strict impartiality, my comrade moving about, with snatches of old songs on his lips, and picking up loads of superfluous flowers. But after a while he was bidden to stop.

"We have weeds enough," said Annie.

"The more weeds there are, the fairer the flowers," replied Thomas, with a bow.

Whereupon she pinned a bouquet on his button-hole, and Ellen, turning toward me, said, with a deep blush:

"Will you allow me, Mr. Hooker?"

I do not know why it is, but I chose to look upon this as a point-blank thrust, and a gentle thrill went through me that prevented my doing more than just murmuring my thanks. At a glance I saw the flushed cheek, the drooped eyes, and the trembling fingers, as they fastened the red and white flowers to my lapel. It was all over in a moment. She recovered at once, and looked as innocent as if nothing had happened, while I fancied that I had summarily controlled a momentary feeling of weakness.

We rose from the hollow and proceeded to walk over the whole brow of the promontory, where we enjoyed a number of views of the bay, the lake, and the vast uplands, ribbed with volcanic rock and crowned with evergreens. We moved in pairs—Sharpe in front with Annie, and Hooker lagging somewhat behind with Ellen. A couple of hours were spent in this close communion, with only an occasional pause in the walk, as a cloud, a bird, an insect, or a flower caught the eye of my companion, who knew the names of all she saw and quoted fitting verses thereupon. We were at a distance from the blockhouse, and far away from the rest of the party, when we heard the harsh sounds of a great gong among the trees and rocks. It was the call to dinner.

"How glad I am of that," said Ellen, with an eager face. "I am as hungry as a fox."

"But we have still far to go."

"All the better. That will prepare us still more for the picnic."

And she started on the run, I following. Annie and Thomas Sharpe set up a shout and came trooping behind us. Then the two girls took the lead, ever tripping, with sun-bonnets fallen back on their necks, and great bunches of field-flowers waving in their hands. We had some trouble keeping up with them, but when we reached the grounds at last, were received in triumph by the gathered friends, a number of whom escorted us to our table.

Talk of feasting. I have been at camp-meetings and barbecues in the South, where oxen were roasted whole, and served with all the accompaniments of negro kitchens—the best in the world—and garnished with all the green yield of tropical gardens, but I never sat to a board where I so thoroughly enjoyed the function of eating as I did to-day. The blue sky above me; the glimpses of wood and water in front; the shadow of the old blockhouse, where many a famished soldier pined in the dark days of 1837-38; the bright company all around me, with their talk, their laughter, the clatter of their knives and the clinking of their glasses, gave zest to the multitudinous dishes that passed before me. And Ellen was at my side,

Such a girl for a feast, that was a feast in herself for knowing eyes. My appetite was not a circumstance to hers, and she gloried in it, laughed, talked and twitted me with dulness of tooth. The father and mother both frowned, and looked as if they held me responsible for her appetite. Several friends about us joined in the banter, Sharpe, abetted by Annie, being specially facetious. The meal lasted the better part of the afternoon, and might have lasted longer, but for dark clouds gathering in the west, and the breezes of the hill falling suddenly into oppressive dulness.

"It looks like a storm," I said to our little party, as we moved away from the table together.

"I'd rather fancy it," said Ellen, "it would crown our picnic nicely."

"Ellen is romantic to-day, somehow," remarked Sharpe, looking at me.

"Well, Thomas," she retorted, with a quiet tone, and a sharp look at the trees and skies above her, "you may call it what you like, but I have felt queerly eager and forward to-day. There is a current somewhere in the ground, or in the sky, and it has been using me as a battery."

At this I looked hard at her, and her eye met mine. It drooped like a flash. I felt a word of sarcasm on my lip, but it died away, as she stepped forward and jauntily asked me to continue our walk. What passed during the ensuing couple of hours it is not the purpose to tell here or now, but the sun went down upon her enchanting talk—that is the word, reader, good old Saxon talk—and we were far from the trysting place. The song sounded, voices shouted, and there was distant flitting to and fro in token of departure. We hurried forward, when a terrific peal burst over our head. I was thoroughly amazed and stopped short. Ellen shot at me a look of flame, and actually grasped my left hand and drew me forward. The storm grew general; the sky was filled with it; the woods were black, and threatening with their shadows; there was no gleam on the paths, and the blast, roaring, swept resistless over the hill. The moan of the writhing boughs was like that of souls in pain, and now and again a fearful crash betokened the toppling of the hemlocks. The thunder rumbled continuously; the forked lightning kept cutting the curtain of evening with its zig-zags, and big drops of rain fell like ink on the fallen leaves.

I felt no fear, because there was no danger, but hand in hand we hurried to the top of the hill, beneath the blockhouse. A voice from below—it was Sharpe's—came up ringing, but with no misgiving in its tone.

"Hello, there! Coming?"

"Coming. All right!" I shouted back, while Ellen looked at me and laughed.

We began the descent in pitch darkness, but she said she knew the road. All went well till we came to a turn—a "bend" they call it in the country—when, of a sudden, I felt a wrench in my left hand, to which my companion still clung, and was dragged a little off my balance.

"What is the matter, Miss Greene—Ellen?" I muttered, thoroughly alarmed.

She made no reply.

By a supreme effort I pulled myself together, caught hold of a young sapling with my right arm, dragged Ellen clear into the road beside me, circled her waist with my left arm, and kept standing thus till she was steadied, and was able to say that she could go on.

"That was the precipice," she said in a hoarse whisper, while her head fell one moment on my shoulder.

I took no thought nor time to ask questions, but pushed down the hill and struck the main road of the village, having her arm linked in mine. The lightning lit our path, and, but for a few heavy drops, the rain held aloof, and we reached Mr. Greene's dwelling without further delay. The father was in the open door; the mother, a little behind. Ellen enquired at once about Annie. She had got home safely and in due time.

"And you, my dear?" said Mrs. Greene.

"Safe too, thanks to Mr. Hooker," and she held out her hand in true, business-like frankness and heartiness.

IV.

I sat that night, at my solitary window, in the inn, thinking of the events of the day and watching the torment of the sky. I could not see clearly into myself as long as the storm brooded, but when that cleared off, my mind also became serene. After a drenching rain, lasting a quarter of an hour, and which, if it had caught us on the hill, might have led to disaster, the clouds began to scamper off like a flight of horses, and the full moon came sailing up, with the fair star of evening in her train. Then it was that I felt quite at home. I took off my boots, slipped off my necktie, undid my collar button, threw my hat, coat and waistcoat on the lounge, dropped my braces, rolled up my shirt sleeves and stretched myself out in a big cane-bottom rocking chair, and sat there at the window in the enjoyment of what I must call untainted human bliss—if such there be. What that was I faint would tell, but cannot. Words of speech and pen fail. Even the remembrance is dim, but the feeling is as keen today as it was that evening. I sat in that chair the whole blessed night, and in the morning my head lay on the window sill, with the broad stretch of Missisquoi Bay full before me, and its glad waters dancing in the sunrise. I got up, rubbed my face with my hands, brushed back my hair, and felt as fresh as if I had slept in a bed of feathers, with silken pillows and sheets of whitest cambric.

This was my third day at Philipsburg, and I had my fortnight of holiday still before me. Should I stay and see it out? You smile, gentle reader; so did I, and I do still, whenever I think of it. Remain? Why, the hundred steeds of fable, all pulling in different ways from a common pivot, could not have dragged me thence. So I stopped and set at work forthwith to make myself comfortable. I asked for a luke bath and got one, clean, with abundant water and plenty of home-made soap, smelling of lavender, and lathering like cream. I called for a barber and he shaved me till I glowed, adding a cool and refreshing shampoo such as the handiest darkeye of them all could not have beaten in Southern booths. Then I ordered breakfast, and sat down thereto with the hunger of an Indian—ham and eggs, the ham rosy as a boy's cheek, and the yolks trembling like mirrors; the whites spread out like *blanc mange*; butter golden as dandelion and the smell of violet; hot rolls; family bread; cream-cheese; maple sugar and syrup; piping milk and coffee, or the choice of new milk. On crystal platters, carpeted with snow-white napkins, shone the fruit grown in the landlord's garden and orchard—Fameuse apples, ruddy as blood; out-door grapes, for which Philipsburg is famous, through the intelligence and zeal of such men as the late W. W. Smith and others, and blue berries of an azure that vied with Mary's—the pretty waitress'—eyes.

I was just saying that very thing to the maid herself, holding up the fruit to the light, in a heaped spoon, whereat she blushed, as was meet, when there came a rap at the door of the breakfast room and she was summoned. She came back at once, handing me a letter, with a curtsey. The note was from Mr. Greene, referring in feeling words to the happenings of the last evening, and pressing me to make his home my home during my stay at Philipsburg, which he learned, with pleasure, I had meant to carry over two weeks. I could go and come as I liked, and the door would always be open to receive me, with a handshaking from himself and a welcome from Mrs. Greene and their daughter. If that arrangement would not chime in with my plans, I should come, as often as might be, to meals and at evenings, and make a beginning by calling toward the close of that afternoon to dinner. They generally dined, in the old country fashion, on the stroke of noon, but this was a special occasion—Miss Ellen distinctly said so—and they would make it a dinner of honour. I must look upon it as a family party, however, without ceremony, the only outsiders invited being my friend, Mr. Sharpe, and Miss Greene's friend, Miss Suzor. As I finished reading this flattering missive,

Sharpe himself was announced, and, after a few words about yesterday's adventure, of which he seemed to know all, I told him the contents of the letter.

"You accept, of course," he said, eagerly.

"I will accept this and other invitations, but I rather think I had better keep bachelor's hall in this snug hostelry."

"Perhaps so, but at all events you are going to stop with us for all your holidays?"

When I assured him of this, he spoke up quickly and heartily.

"Then that settles it. I will take my holidays, too, starting from to-day."

And he did. Sending a despatch to the department at Ottawa, then and there, he got a reply while he was still with me, within the half hour, granting his request and generously adding on a third week. We then set forth together to see the village, and my friend showed me through his office, where he informed the clerks of his holiday. We then paid a morning call on Miss Greene and her family, and on Miss Suzor and her family also. In the evening we all met at the dwelling of the first, where again I experienced far more genuine pleasure than I had looked for. The conversation of the old people was really entertaining, while the young ladies displayed accomplishments for which I was not prepared, entertaining, as I did, the false notion of town and city folk in respect of country society. After the dinner and the music, we sketched out a plan of campaign for the ensuing fortnight—boating, fishing, shooting—but the young ladies could handle the rifle, if you please—rowing, sporting at the several fashionable games, and driving around to the chief places of interest. The Greenes had a carriage and pair; so had the Suzors. Sharpe was the proud owner of a dog cart and two swift roadsters, who went tandem nicely, and my landlord had a good buggy and a fast team which I bespeak for the term of my stay. The time sped away all too soon. There was not a single point of our plan that we did not carry out and enjoy; we drove everywhere that we could think of. The old folk seemed to think well of Sharpe and myself, and the young ladies—well now! I shall say naught about them except that the fortnight passed away for me like a golden dream, on pinions too swiftly winnowing the blessed air which I was breathing with full lungs. The reader will see for himself the advantage which two youths, like Sharpe and Hooker, would take—if they had but the wit—of the opportunity that might never come to them a second time.

It will be enough for the purposes of this little story to describe briefly what took place on almost the last day of the fifteen. We had gone out on the bay, during a hot afternoon, in two boats—Thomas and Annie in the one, Ellen and myself in the other. At first, the water was very smooth, and we glided along nicely, rowing hand over hand, or drifting, as we talked together of the thousand trifles which idlers love; but toward sunset a stiff wind arose and the bay began to roll. Foreseeing no danger, and having plenty of time before us, we determined to double a little cape, about a quarter of a mile ahead, land there and eat our fruit, until the sun had gone down and the squall had spent its force. I was leading, and the other boat not far behind. Suddenly, and without warning, a fearful gust of wind broke over our head, and I was just about turning the point, when Ellen grasped me by the shoulder, with a calm look of fear, and put out her hand behind us. Then also two cries of terror struck my ear. I looked. The boat in rear was overturned, and the two occupants thrown into the water, although, fortunately, within a short distance of a tongue of land. I arose at a bound, flung myself into the bay and, almost quicker than I can say it, grasped the struggling Annie by the middle and swam with her to the shore, with some hardship, as she was very faint. While swimming, I had cried out to Sharpe to hold on tightly to his boat, which was bottom upward. He was a cool fellow, and, although no swimmer, had managed to keep his head out of the water. He laid both hands on my shoulder, while I

righted the boat, and then I swam shoreward with him. In the hurry and excitement I had forgotten Ellen, and did not notice that the gale had increased in fury. One glance showed that my companion was attempting to stem the eddy of the point and make for us, but her wrists were not strong enough, and the boat was tossing wildly. There was nothing for it but to plunge once more—a mere pastime for one who had been a swimmer from his early childhood—and in two minutes I was at the head of Ellen's boat. She was as calm as a statue; there was the faintest smile on her lip, and she held out her hand.

"Hurry to shore, for Annie's sake," she said, in a low voice, and, without loss of time, swimming, I paddled her in. There we were pitched on a cape, forming the other side of the bay. We found brush wood enough for a fire, when Ellen attended to Annie, and Sharpe and myself did the best we could. Luckily the wind fell as suddenly as it had risen, and the evening was very warm. We got back to Philipsburg safely at last, but it was quite late. As we parted at Mr. Greene's door, Ellen said, with a peculiar ring in her voice:

"Good night, Owen Hooker. You have saved both our lives."

And the two lovely girls hung each on one of my hands, and I could say naught, for my throat was full.

Thus ended my holiday.

* * * * *

"Did your holiday end just there?" I hear a gentle voice saying. "Come, be honest, and tell us all the rest of it."

Well, if I must, you will understand everything when I tell you that there is, under my roof, a little Ellen number 2, a second edition of the other Ellen, "revised, corrected and improved," if that were likely—*matre pulcra, filia pulcior*. Our bank opened a branch at St. Johns, the beautiful town of the Richelieu, and I was promoted to the cashiership. We thus live high unto Philipsburg, where our two Ellens come from, and among our most frequent visitors are Thomas Sharpe and his wife, that was Annie Suzor.

And every year, reader, week for week, I go back and celebrate my Missisquoi Holiday.

THE END.

LIVE IN LIGHT.

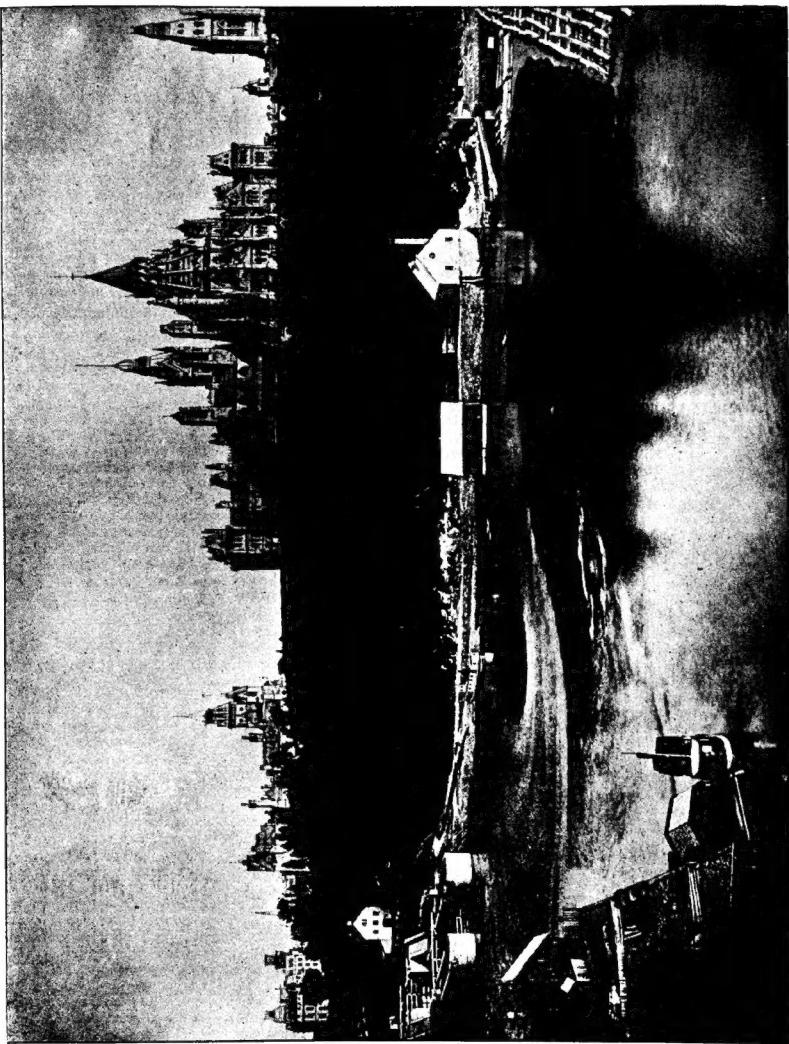
Instead of excluding sunlight from our houses lest it fade the carpet and curtains, draw flies and bring freckles, we should open every door and window, and bid it enter. It brings life and health and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away disease, dampness, mould, miasms. Instead of doing this, however, many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, lock the doors, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their apartments. It is pleasant and not unwholesome during the glare of the noon tide to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat; but in the evening we may freely indulge the sun-bath, and let it flood all our rooms, and if at its very fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to our sleeping rooms, so much the better for us. Wire net in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all other insects; and those who have used it once will continue to do so.

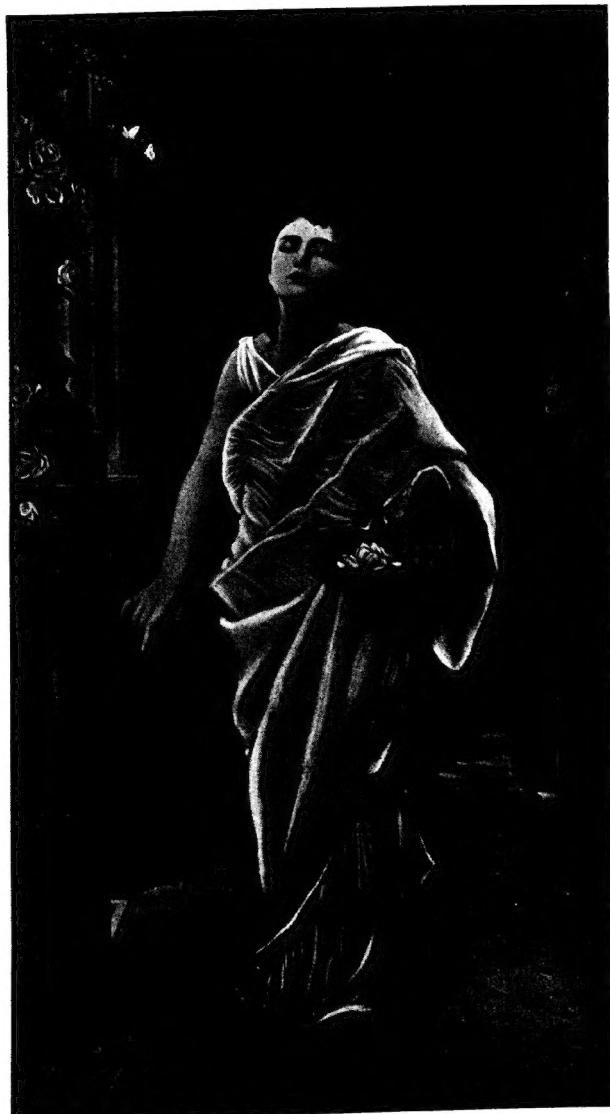
With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost dispense with shades and shutters, and enjoy the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of the city they will prevail in houses which are exposed the least to sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all or very slightly affected. Even in the same house, persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemic influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters.

No. 2, 14th July, 1888.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

From a photograph by Topley.





"NYDIA."

From a painting by C. Von Hodghausen.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



Although Mr. Hart's work on "The Fall of New France" has been before the public a few months, the editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED deems it a pleasant duty to say what he thinks of it in a brief space. The work is, first and foremost, the fruit of research, the author being a collector of old books, medals, prints and historical antiquities, and thus able to cite authorities accessible only to himself. This gives special worth to the *fac simile* letters, portraits, plans and notes, both biographical and strategical, published in the text. The next quality of the volume is its admirable spirit of fair play and disposition to do justice. He has glowing tributes to the great men of New France—prince, priest and peasant—and defends Montcalm from the charge of cruelty and treachery at the massacre of Fort George. But this does not prevent Mr. Hart from being outspoken, when he thinks that he is right, according to Cicero's teaching in the epigraph. He brings out quite a novel point in regard to the expulsion of the Acadians, by printing a medal struck by Louis XIV., on the driving out of the Island of St. Kitts, of 2,500 Englishmen, in 1666. On the culminating battle of the Plains, the historian is very full and properly brings out the incidents by which that whole campaign was marked on both sides. The work is of exceptional value, and every student of Canadian history, with every public institution, should be provided with it.

The "Water Lily" is acknowledged by the author to be somewhat of an inspiration from "Lalla Rookh," and, as such, it may be set down at once as a remarkable piece of work. We have been surprised at the bold grace and thorough taste with which the ballad metre is handled from start to finish, and the absolute absorption of the writer in the sweet unrealities of the fairy tale. But the work shows the failing of most fairy tales in that it has too much length and sameness. It was said of Moore that he palled from excess of sweets. We shall not go so far with Mr. Waters, but we do make bold to say that if he had condensed his poem into half the size he would have achieved a masterpiece. The author has several of the gifts of a poet—fancy, feeling, a musical ear, and a singularly happy knack of trochaic rhymes. The last fifteen or twenty pages, from the point of the breaking or broken heart, are so beautifully and naturally pathetic that one finishes the book with regretting this splendid pitch was not maintained throughout. The song of the blackbird lingers on the ear, and the reader, from these few lines, will see how it attuned the ear of the poet:

And when the mother, at her door,
Heard the first echoes of the song,
She waited not for palampore,
Nor threw the yashmak yet along
Her sadly-brigged bosom; but turned
To see if yet her daughter slept.

Let the reader get the book and read this passage to the end.

"Henry's Journal,"^{**} covering adventures and experiences in the fur trade on the Red River, 1799-1801, is the title of a pamphlet by Charles N. Bell. The author of the journal was Alexander Henry, one of those great travellers whose names are associated with the heroic days of the Northwest and the Hudson's Bay Company. The present narrative reads like a tale, while there are incidents of historical, geographical and scientific, to say nothing of commercial, importance. Mr. Bell used only a part of the valuable original papers which are in his possession, but we trust he may be able to keep his pledge and give us more shortly. This is the kind of literature we want, which makes us know, admire and even love the worthies who built up our common country.

^{**} "The Fall of New France," 1755-1760. By Gerald E. Hart. With portraits and views. Montreal: Drysdale's; Toronto: Douglas; New York: Peter Sonnenfeld.

The "Water Lily." An Oriental fairy tale. By Frank Waters. One v. J. Durie & Son. 12mo, pp. 87.

Henry's Journal," &c. By Charles N. Bell, F.R.G.S. Winnipeg. 8vo, pp. 9.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is described as one of the most courteous of correspondents. He is always prompt with his reply, and his letters are as gracefully written as his books. His letters, which are headed "Gloucester Place, Portman Square," have a monogram, with a quill piercing the letters, which is quite a trademark in its way.

The Philological Society of London will refuse the invitation of the society in Philadelphia to join in a congress for perfecting a universal language. The reason is that it is not clear an Aryan basis for a language is desirable, and that Volapük, which is the only scheme having hundreds of thousands of followers, would have to be excluded.

The Concord School of Philosophy have a little Hillsdale Chapel built on the grounds of the "Old Orchard" House, where the "Little Woman" lived and played, and learned unconsciously lessons of life—the house now occupied by Professor W. T. Harris. Next door is "The Wayside"—the Hawthorne House, now owned by D. Lathrop, the publisher. Mrs. Lathrop is the "Margaret Sidney" of literature.

THE GIFT OF LETTERS.

I.

According to Isaac Taylor, all the alphabets in use to-day (with the exception of the Chinese and Japanese, which are not alphabets in our sense of the word), are descended from the Semitic, through the Hieratic and, through the latter, from the immemorial Hieroglyphics of Egypt. His tabular affiliation enumerates seventy-six distinct alphabets, of which forty-one are still extant, extending from Morocco to Corea.

What a mass and variety of literature this enumeration comprehends! And yet even the vast sum total thus indicated would not include all that has been deemed worthy of the name. Without its pale would be the first fruits of literary aspiration in Egypt, Assyria and Babylon; the bulky libraries of China and Japan, and those traditional compositions, of which mere specimens have been collected, of our own continent. If, for convenience, we classify the whole literary output of mankind as Aryan, Semitic and Allophylian (the latter term including all that is not comprised under either of the preceding divisions), we shall, perhaps, be surprised to find that it was not to Greece or Rome or Judea, but to the despised Gentiles, whom the sons both of Japheth and of Shem would doom to outer darkness, that we owe the earliest attempt to break the bonds of savagery and to emancipate by enlightening the human mind. The honour of instituting the earliest libraries is divided between three races or nations of antiquity—the Chinese, the Babylonians and the Egyptians. To which of them the priority is due cannot be asserted with confidence. The Chinese claim an antiquity which is no longer ridiculed because it anticipates certain arbitrary dates for the creation of the world. It is fairly established that they were settled in the Middle Kingdom some millenniums before the Christian era, and that they brought the seeds of civilization with them from their previous abode. Some of the Chinese records go so far back that their origin, authors, and even their meaning, were, till lately, wholly unknown. In the British Museum there is a copy of the largest encyclopaedia which man has ever seen. It consists of no less than 5,000 volumes. The story of its preparation and publication illustrates, in a remarkable way, both the extent of Chinese literature and the enthusiasm for letters that has long characterized the rulers and people of China. This enthusiasm is, it is true, marked by a veneration for what is old which sometimes stands in the way of improvement. But it is also a spur to excellence. In the fourteenth century a work was published which has won high praise from European scholars as evidence of the many-sided erudition of its author. In the following century, the Emperor Yung-lo determined, if possible, to surpass it by a collection of all that was most valuable in the literature of his realm down to that date. To carry out his undertaking he appointed a commission of 2,000 literati, who, in due time, completed the task entrusted to them. Its dimensions, however, proved an obstacle to its publication, for it consisted of 2,937 volumes. The manuscript was, accordingly, stored away in the Palace library, where much of it mouldered into dust. Three centuries later, on the accession of the Ming dynasty, the Emperor K'ang Hi, fired by the ambition to do what Yung-lo had failed to do, appointed another commission, to which he assigned the labour of extracting from the varied literature of the empire a number of passages bearing on every branch of science, philosophy and letters, so as to form a vast treasure of knowledge. He did not live to see his wish fulfilled, but under his son and successor, Yung Ching, in the year 1725, the 5,020 volumes already referred to were given to the world.

It so happened that among the first fruits of Chinese letters examples of which are given in this great encyclopaedia there is a work which all the commentators, not excepting Confucius himself, had failed to fully interpret. For more than three thousand years it had been the delight and the despair of all ambitious Chinese students;

and that its secret was ever surrendered at all is evidence most significant of the value of comparative literature. The credit of penetrating to the core of the mystery belongs to a French savant, M. Terrien de la Couperie, who, bringing his knowledge of the ancient speech of Babylonia to bear on the difficulty, solved a problem which had baffled all the obstinate questioning of thirty centuries. The discovery which he made is one of the most interesting in the province of archaeology, for it proved, we are told, almost beyond a doubt, that the Accadian syllabaries, found by the late George Smyth and his fellow-workers amid the ruins of Babylon, showed unmistakable affinity to the written characters of ancient China. Fragments of the writings of Turanian Babel corresponded, in a way that could not be set down to chance, with portions of the Chinese "Yeh-King." Thus was revealed, in a most unexpected manner, the origin of Chinese civilization. As the Accadians were the schoolmasters of the Semitic population which afterwards ruled the valley of the Euphrates, China is thus brought within the circle of those civilizations which, through the reflection of an adopted literature, have so strongly influenced the Aryans of the West, and most of all the English-speaking race. In this connection, it is not unworthy of mention, as a curious evidence of the vitality of language, and of the strong, but often unseen, links that bind together "all nations that on earth do dwell," and the past to the present, that a word which is familiar to every Christian child; a word which, in its Hellenistic form and meaning, may have been hallowed by the lips of the Redeemer himself; a word which Mohammed said he was taught to repeat by the Angel Gabriel; a word which, through successive ages, has been associated with all that is holiest, most hopeful and consoling, among Jews and Christians and Mohammedans—the word "Amen"—was, in its original form, employed millenniums ago by those ancient Accadian scribes—cousins of the distant Cathayans—the discovery of whose compositions was one of the proudest rewards of modern exploration. European missionaries have carried back that word, with all its manifold significance and associations, but all unconscious of its kinship, to the land of its birth.

The libraries of Babylonia, like those of ancient China, were of considerable extent. About 200 B.C. the Semites gained the upper hand and the Accadian language began to decline. Mixed texts fix the period of transition, at the close of which the Assyrians entered on a stage of great literary and scientific activity. Certain cities were almost entirely devoted to the composition and manufacture of books. The clay tablets, which we thus designate, were kept chiefly in temples and palaces and arranged according to a classification suggested by the subjects treated. Sargon is identified with the most fruitful period of literary organization; Assur-bani-pal, generally known, though with an undeserved false record, by the name of Sardanapalus, greatly enlarged and improved them. Astronomy, weather-lore, divination, legends, annals and poetry were the principal topics dealt with. From the records of these venerable monuments the history of the country has been almost entirely re-written by the late George Smith, Dr. Birch, Prof. Sayce, Prof. Geo. Rawlinson and other Accadian and Semitic scholars.

The books of the ancient Egyptians were written in abridged hieroglyphics, in black and red, on a substance formed out of slices of a reed, the name of which, *papyrus*, is perpetuated in our word, "paper." They were rolls, similar to the volumina (or volumes, *fr. volv.*) of parchment which afterwards came into use at Pergamus (whence the name), when the Egyptians, jealous of the rivalry of the Pergamene monarchs, refused to let *papyrus* be exported. The implement employed by the Egyptian scribes was a frayed reed. Their books were mostly on religious subjects, but were also devoted to ethics, rhetoric, geometry, statistics, medicine, astronomy, poetry, history and fiction.

Of the other ancient Allophylian races of which

any fragments of literature have been preserved the most interesting to us are, of course, the American. If the judgment of Prescott as to the literary faculties and achievements of the more advanced of the nations of the new world at the time of the Conquest be deemed too flattering, we have the testimony of less enthusiastic writers to an intellectual promise which was susceptible of fruitful development. Recent exploration and criticism have done much to shed light on the races of Central America especially. Even if we feel inclined to doubt the genuineness of some of the higher poetic flights ascribed to the native bards, we cannot question that of the objects with casts of which M. Charmay has enriched the Smithsonian Institution. Neither is it unreasonable to conclude that a people who erected such noble monuments of art should have developed, in time, no mean or feeble gift of literary expression.

It is thus seen that, even without the grand triumph of which Cadmus is the traditional hero, the human race had achieved intellectual victories of considerable range and import. But how are that range and that import enlarged when we attempt to survey that mighty commonwealth of letters of so many races and languages which the gift of Cadmus quickened into endless life? How shall we compute the sum total of that stream of thought and fancy and multifarious knowledge which, for nearly thirty centuries, has flowed on and on, sometimes rich and full, sometimes sinking almost out of observation, but never wholly interrupted, down to our own generation?

Montreal.

JOHN READE.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Lord Stanley is having a real taste of the Canadian salmon during his holday.

Mr. O'Connor Power is very much pleased with the Northwest, and will say so publicly when he gets home.

Sir John paid a flying visit to Toronto and Kingston, last week, combining, as his long experience enables him to do, business with pleasure.

President Cleveland wrote a gracious letter to the French-Canadians of the United States, in national convention assembled at Nashua, N.H.

Prince Roland Bonaparte has been received with unusual show of hospitality wherever he has gone in Canada. His high personal character and devotion to science have been his passports.

At Nashua, among the Canadians who distinguished themselves for public service as American citizens, was Major Mallet, an officer of the Civil Service at Washington, who fought in the late war.

The brother of the Secretary of State was likewise a Northern soldier, who came forth with the rank of Major, and is now a Lieutenant-Colonel. Mr. Chapleau returned to Canada, unlike his countrymen in the United States.

Of Canadians who fought and died on American battle-fields, by the thousand, were over 46,000. French-Canadians in the army of the North—the names are remembered of Fortier, Fleurys d'Eschambault and Lieutenant Blais.

In the twenty-first year of the Confederation, one of the fathers of that event, Sir Alexander Campbell, goes back to visit, in England, the scene of his labours on that behalf. Chief Justice Galt is administrator of Ontario in his absence.

At a meeting of the Prohibition Committee, held in Montreal, on Wednesday, a resolution for the establishment of a third or prohibition party was voted down. Messrs. Jamieson and Fisher, M.P.'s, and Mr. Dougall, of the *Witness*, spoke very sensibly against it.

The retirement of Mr. Griffin from what was called the practical leadership of the Post Office Department is a noteworthy event. Mr. Griffin was the oldest officer in the service, and seemed to be a fixture. It is said that he was, in a way, privileged as holding an Imperial commission.

The Deputy Head and Chief Clerk of the Privy Council of Canada is in the Northwest, swearing in the two new Lieutenant-Governors—Dr. Schultz and Mr. Royal. Mr. John J. McGee is the worthy representative of the lamented L'Arcy, and the only bearer of the family name in Canada.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

FROM THE VAUX DE VIRE OF BASSELINE.

Farewell, all my loves, go take yourselves wing,
Farewell, all my loves, farewell till the Spring.
My only care is now to live,
And this the reason I will give:
No money I find;
Can I live on the wind?
So, if gold do not ready come from the King,
Farewell, all my loves, go take yourselves wing.
Montreal.

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES,

BY A COLLECTOR.

The writer means, in a series of brief papers, to give the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED—or, at least, those who are fond of what is odd and fantastic in verse—examples of Provençal poetry, as revived, in our day, among English and American writers. This will be found most agreeable and instructive reading and will introduce the student to the works of De Baunville, De Gramont, Julienne, Saintsbury, Hueffer, Gosse, Boumlier, Matthews, and chiefly the handsome volume, embodied in the series called "The Canterbury Poets," edited by Gleeson White.

I.

THE BALLAD.

This first form of verses consists of three stanzas of eight lines, followed by one of four lines, called the envoy; or three verses of ten lines, with envoy of five, each of the stanzas and envoy closing with the refrain. The envoy is like the moral of the fable. It should contain all the honey of the bee, if the ballad is of love, and all the sting of the wasp, if the verses are steeped in satire. The prince of balladists is Clement Marot, who flourished from 1497 to 1544, and the piece which is accounted his best, and a model for all time, is the song of May, or paraphrase of III. Daniels, in eight octosyllabic lines:

En ce beau mois delicius,
Arbres, fleurs et agriculture,
Qui, durant l'yer soucieux,
Avait esté en sépulture,
Sortez pour servir de pasture
Aux troupeaux du plus grand Pasteur ;
Chacun de nous, en sa nature,
Louez le nom du Créateur.

Les servans d'amour furieux
Parlent de l'amour vain et dure,
Où vous, vray amans curieux,
Parlez de l'amour sans laideur.
Allez aux champs sur la verdure
Où l'oyseau, parfait chanteur ;
Mais du plaisir, si peu qu'il dure,
Louez le nom du Créateur.

Quand vous verrez rire les cieux,
Et la terre en sa floriture,
Quand vous verrez avant vos yeux
Les eaux lui burlir nourriture,
Sur peine de grand tortuere,
Et d'estre larron et menteur,
N'en louez nulle créture,
Louez le nom du Créateur.

ENVY.

Prince, pensez, veu la facture,
Combien est puissant le facteur ;
Et vous aussi, mon écriture,
Louez le nom du Créateur.

Imitations of Marot are now innumerable in the English language. Within the past decade the monthlies, fortnightlies and weekly periodicals have teemed with them, and they already form a large and interesting collection. All those who have attempted the ballad, however, have not succeeded equally well. Indeed genuine success has been only with the few, such as Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley and William Sharp. The remainder are more or less artificial, much of their work smacking of school-boy tasks, and in the few American samples there is a tinge of familiarity, an attempt at broad humour which repels, instead of inviting. Chas. G. D. Roberts worthily represents Canada, although his subjects are mostly classical, and there is no inspiration from the beauties of his own native land. Here is his ballad to the Nightingale:

From gab of jay and chatter of crane
The dusk-wood covered me utterly,
And here the tongue of the thrush was awake,
Flame-floods of cast of the low, bright sky
Lighted the gloom with gold-brown dye
Before dark, and a manifold charming—
Arose of thrushes remote and nigh,
For the tongue of the singer needs must sing.
Midmost a close green covert of brake
A brown bird listening silently
Sat; and I thought—"She grieves for the sake
Of Itylus—for the stains that
In her heritage of sad memory."
But the thrushes were hushed at evening.
Then I waited to hear the brown bird cry,—
For the tongue of the singer needs must sing.

And I said: "The thought of the thrushes will shake
With rapture remembred her heart; and her shy
Tongue of the dear tunes dead will take
To make her a living song, when sigh
The soft night winds disturbed her by,
Hark now!" for the upraised quivering wing,
The throat exultant, I could descry,
For the tongue of singer needs must sing.

L'ENVOI.

But the bird dropped dead with only a cry,
I found its tongue was wither'd, poor thing!
Then I no whit wondered, for well knew I
That the heart of the singer will break or sing.

Among English examples of the ballad it is much harder to choose, but on account of the subject, which turns on the Nothingness of Things, the following double ballad will doubtless prove interesting. It is from the pen of W. E. Henley, who published a series of these poems, in a paper called *The London*, during 1877-78—

The big teetotum twirls,
And epochs wax and wane,
At chance subsides or swirls ;
But of the loss and gain
The sum is always plain,
Read on the mighty pall
The weed of funeral
That covers praise and blame,
The isms and the anisms,
Magnificence and shame,
"O Vanity of Vanities."

The Fates are subtle girls !
They give us chaff for grain ;
And Thus the Thunder, hurlis
Like bolted death, disdain
At all that heart and brain
Conceive or great or small,
Upon this earthly ball.
Would you be knight and dame ?
Or woo the sweet humanities ?
Or illustrate a name ?
O Vanity of Vanities !

We sound the sea for pearls,
Or lose them in the drain ;
We flute it with the merles,
Or tug and sweat and strain ;
We grovel or we reign ;
We saunter or we brawl ;
We answer or we call ;
We search the subterraneities ;
The legend's still the same :—
"O Vanity of Vanities."

Here, at the wine one birds,
There some one clanks a chain,
The flag that this man furls
That man to float is fain,
Pleasure gives place to pain :—
These in the kennel crawl,
While others take the wall.
She has a glorious aim,
He lives for the inanities,
What comes of every claim ?
O Vanity of Vanities !

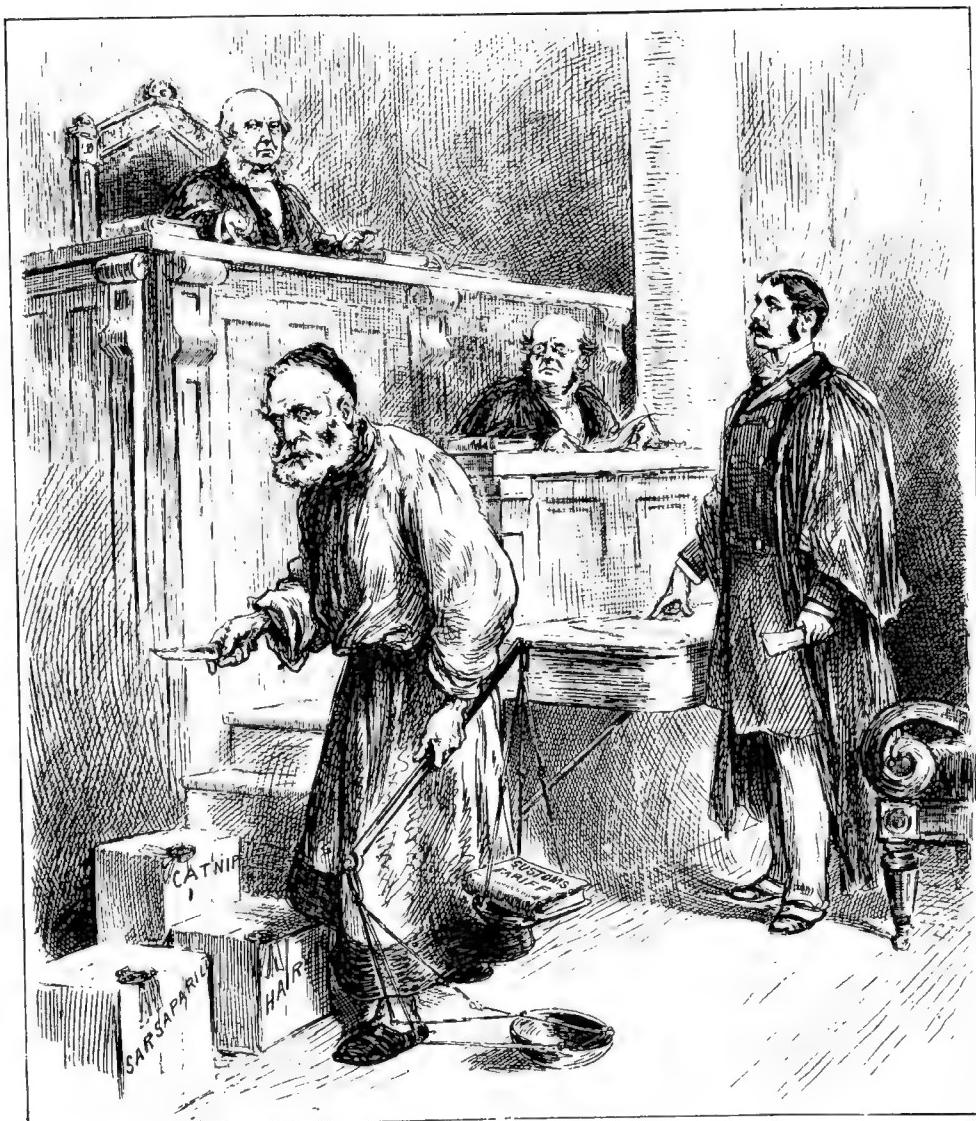
Alike are clods and earls,
For soil and sear and swain,
For emperors and for churls,
For antelope and bane,
There is but one refrain :
But one for king and thrall,
For David and for Saul,
For fleet of foot and lame,
For piety and profanities,
The picture and the frame,
"O Vanity of Vanities !"

Life is a smoke that curls—
Curls in a flickering skein,
That winds and whisks and whirls,
A figment thin and vain,
Into the vast innane,
One end for hut and hall !
One end for cell and stall !
Burned in one common flame
Are wisdoms and insanities.
For this alone we came :—
"O Vanity of Vanities !"

ENVY.

Prince, pride must have a fall,
What is the worth of all
Your state's supreme urbanities ?
Bad at the guests the game,
Well might the sage exclaim :—
"O Vanity of Vanities !"

It will be noticed that this Double Ballad is composed of six stanzas, of ten lines each, exclusive of the one line of refrain. It is a hard metre to handle, which accounts for its scarcity even among the French.



The AVER "*Cause Célèbre*" and our CUSTOMS "SHYLOCK."

THE JUDGMENT.

THE DUKE (CHIEF J. SIR W. R.):
 "That thou shall see the difference of our spirit,
 I do dismiss thy cases with full costs!
 The Sarsaparilla is Antonio's;
 The boddle lost to all thy myrmidons!
 The law thou must more liberally construe,
 Favouring the IMPORTER, rather than the STATE!!"

(*The Merchant of Venice, slightly altered.*)

14th JULY, 1888.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

29



FRESH FLOWERS.

14th JULY, 1888.

ESPERANTO.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE WHICH IS TO
SUPERSEDE VOLAPUK.

AMATEUR GARDENING.

NURSE: "Why, Flossie! What are you doing?"

FLOSSIE (who has been watching the gardener at work): "I wants to det some 'ittle kittens!"—Puck.

A comparison with the foregoing of Thackeray's treatment of the same theme may be of value to the young student:—

How spoke of old the Royal seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on)

This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Motives Motivation.

O student of this gilded Book,
Declate, while musing on its pages,
If true words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

* * * * *

How low men were, and how they rise!
How high they were and how they tumble!
O Vanity of Vanities!
O laughable, pathetic jumble!

We shall close this paper with the ballad on "An American Girl," as depicted by a countryman of hers, Brander Matthews:—

She's had a Vassar education,
And points with pride to her degrees;
She's studied household decoration;
She knows a dafu from a frieze;
And tells Corots from Boldon;

A Jacquemart etching, or a Haden,
A Whistler, too, perchance might please
A free and frank young Yankee maiden,

She does not care for meditation,
Within her bonnet are no bees;

She has a gentle animation,

She joins in singing simple glee;

She tries no trifles, no rivalries

With Lucia (now Baron in Kaden),

With Nilsson or with Gerster; she's

A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

I'm blessed above the whole creation;

Far, far, above all other he's;

I ask you for congratulation

On this the best of jubilees:

I go with her across the seas

Unto what Poe would call an Aiden,

I hope no serpent's there to tease

A frank and free young Yankee maiden.

ENVY.

Princes, to you the western breeze
Bears many a ship and heavy laden;
What is the best we send in these?
A free and frank young Yankee maiden.

The beauty of the above composition is somewhat marred by such contractions as "I'm," "he's" and "she's," which are too offhanded and slipshod.

The next paper of this series will deal with the "Chant Royal."

DECORATIVE HINTS.

Portières for summer should be made of light material, something airy in effect. An attractive and inexpensive one is of coloured bunting, with applique embroidery, or a band of crotchet leaves or flowers sewed on and outlined with tinsel. A pretty one is of cream albatross, edged with red zephyr pompons, or a row of small crocheted rosettes of various shades with a gilt bead attached to the centre of each. A neat one is of scrim, interlaced with ribbon.

Old lace curtains mended with darned net or bobbinet, then washed in weak coffee and when dry hung over coloured cambric or silesia make a rich looking portière.

A pretty lambrequin for curtains is of two or more shades of satin arranged in a row, the colours blending. Three rows are sufficient, or they can be made to form three points, the centre point longer than the other two. They are prettier if beads are sewn on the points.

Faded surah sashes can be dyed a dark shade, and with a spray of embroidery at each end, made into scarfs for the table or dresser.

An effective scarf for a table is of black velvet, with a bunch of downy thistle pompons, with green paper leaves arranged artistically at each end and tied with a bow of red ribbon.

The obstacle encountered in the attempt to impose a scientific universal language on the world is the unwillingness of the great majority of people in the world to devote much time to becoming scientific. This obstacle Dr. Esperanto, of Warsaw, has bravely endeavoured to overcome, and the result is an international language, the dictionary of which consists of a single leaflet. We have it now before us, with the author's compliments and assurances that any one can learn to read and write it in a single hour. The principle by which it aims to facilitate international intercourse is quite simple and ingenious in its adaptation of a system already extensively used in commerce. The American merchant with business connections in different parts of the world provides himself with the leaflet dictionaries of Dr. Esperanto's language. He is not required to know any other language than his own, nor are his foreign correspondents required to know the Esperanto language. His correspondents being located in Berlin and Paris, he wishes to inform them that "the cat is white." Then:

X=the cat=le chat=die Katze
Y=is=est=ist
Z=white=blanc=weiss.

To him, "x,y,z," means "the cat is white;" to his correspondent, to the one in Berlin, "le chat est blanc" and to the one in Paris, "die Katze ist weiss." He writes the "x,y,z," message to each of them, enclosing to Paris the leaflet containing the international language with French translations and to Berlin the international German leaflet. If he wishes to correspond with people in all parts of the world, he must have international leaflets in all languages of the world and enclose the appropriate leaflet in each letter. So far Dr. Esperanto is a practical man.

As a scientist he is undoubtedly scientific. His language is not composed of algebraic signs, but of Latin roots. According to Professor Max Mueller, the Latin language can be reduced to three hundred original ideas by the combinations of which its wonderful vocabulary became possible. It can be analysed into eight hundred roots, from which all its words are formed, and Dr. Esperanto takes these roots for the basis of his language. A sample of it will illustrate:

Je la komenco, Dio, kre, is la ter, o,n kaj la ciel, o,n.
Kaj ter, o, est, is sen, for, ma, kaj dezer, a, kaj mal, lum, o,n
est, is super la profund ajo, kaj la animo, de Dio, si, n
port, is super la akv, o, . Kaj Dio dir, is est, u, lom, o, kaj
far, is gis, u, lom, o, . Kaj Dio, vid, is la lum, o, ke gi est, as
bona, kaj nom, is Dio, la lum, o, tag, o kaj la mal, lum, o,n
Li nom, is nokt, o.

The reader can almost translate this correctly without having devoted even an hour to Esperanto, but a little elucidation will make it perfectly plain. There is only one article, "la," "the"; and prepositions and conjunctions have been reduced to the fewest possible. There are only two cases, the nominative and the objective, and all nouns end in "o"; adjectives have no case or number, and end always in "a"; the pronouns are declined like nouns, and all given in the dictionary. The verb undergoes no change for number or person; the termination "as" is the sign of the present and "is" of the past. The termination "in" is the sign of the feminine, thus: "Dio," "God," "di,in,o," "goddess." This is the grammar of Esperanto almost complete, and we may now proceed to translate a sample sentence of Esperanto:

Je (in) la komenco, o (the beginning) Dio (God) kre, is (created) la ter, o,n (the earth) kaj (and) la ciel, o,n (the heaven).

All prefixes and terminations are separate words, and when in combination are set off by commas, so that they can be identified and found in the dictionary. Thus, in "ter,o,n" the "o" shows that it is a noun, and the "n" that it is in the objective. All nouns express and all adjectives describe something that either exists or does not exist, and so the two principle prefixes of Esperanto are "sen,"

"without," and "mal," "not," as "sen, form," "formless"; "mal, lum, o," "darkness," or "no light."

The main difference between Esperanto and Volapük is that the former is based on Latin, while the latter takes its roots from what is called the Indo-Teutonic family of languages. As these roots have long ago been forgotten by those who speak the living tongues, Volapük has a strange and forbidding aspect on first acquaintance, while Esperanto looks like an old friend whose name has been temporarily forgotten. Its author justly remarks that Latin is almost an international language already, and he hopes, therefore, that as there are only two pages of dictionary and three of grammar in Esperanto, all nations will unite in learning it. Language is the chief motor of civilization, and men become accessible to civilization only by virtue of the development of their language. It is because men speak different languages that the provincialism and hostilities of nations exist. We fall out because we cannot convey our ideas to each other, and to make all men brothers of the same family, it is only necessary to teach them the same language. So Dr. Esperanto reasons, and he appeals to all who are ready to devote one hour to bringing on the millennium to address him personally at Warsaw, enclosing a promise to begin the study of Esperanto as soon as ten million other people have made the same promise. The price of the complete manual of Esperanto, including grammar and dictionary, is one cent, and if the author secures his ten million scholars, he will have a fund of \$100,000 on which to make the first step towards the millennium. We hope he may get them.



A WIFE LIKES A LITTLE OF THE LOVER IN HER HUSBAND.—I am minded to write a few lines on the little courtesies of life that some of us who are husbands and wives seem to have forgotten, or purposely put aside since the day of our honeymoon. We clung to them tenaciously enough before—yes, we gloried in them. I know I used to tip my hat in the most graceful and courteous manner to my wife when I chanced to meet her on the street before we were married. Sometimes, I confess it with shame, I don't do it now. I used, in those "politer" days, to think that she couldn't under any circumstances go up-stairs without a good deal of my arm for support, and now—well, sometimes I bolt on ahead of her and she says reprovingly: "Here, sir, you're a gallant husband to let me go up-stairs unassisted." Then I always go back and do my duty in this respect. Wives cling longer than husbands to all the gentle, gracious little courtesies that were never forgotten in the halcyon days of their courtship; but they, too, forget at times some of the little things that made them so charming in the eyes of Tom or John or Will. Why shouldn't we say: "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me," and "Thank you," to each other as well as to other men and women? The lack of these little courtesies and kindnesses has much to do with the lack of harmony and happiness in many homes.

A WORD FOR BANANAS.—The banana has a high recommendation as an article of food, because of its nutritious character. One authority announces that one pound of this fruit has more nutriment than three pounds of meal or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is said to be in every sense superior to wheat bread. The natives of the West Indies and other tropical countries subsist largely upon them, and find them, as chemists do, a food containing a large amount and variety of nutriment. A friend of the writer makes them a special and exclusive article of food when he has work requiring considerable and particular attention and accuracy at a time when a regular meal and other food would weaken the action of the mind. He finds that the banana in such case digests easily and makes no diminution

of mental concentration, while at the same time the required sustenance of mind and body is obtained.

GIRLS, DON'T BE IN HASTE TO WED.—Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise and sleep. Learn all the useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your mind with the best books, that you may be able to teach your children much that school training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wisely, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in harmful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for fashion, flirtation and enjoyment, and use the privilege all women may claim, to decline the acquaintance of men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of women. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness or love tempt you to trust your happiness to such a one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than now, when all professions are open to them, and honour, fame and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard right and live up to it, sure that the reward will come here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real needs.—*Louis M. Alcott.*

STAY IN THE SUN.—Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum and the very best sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a potent influencer in this transformation.—*Family Visitor.*

TABLE ADORNMENT.—You have no conservatory? Neither have I, but we must see what can be done without one. An elderly lady, from whom I have learned many devices for the enlivenment of home, during the early spring, summer and late fall months, devotes a certain part of her garden to flowers for her table, and for breakfast, dinner and tea she gathers little nosegays, and her table is always a picture to behold. In the winter time she has her windows filled with plants, but, of course, they are not always in bloom, and to constantly cut the green leaves is sure death, so she purchases small vases of different designs. The little china baby-shoes, in white and blue, were her latest novelty, and in the fall she dug up ferns, carefully preserving the roots and as much of the native soil as possible and transplanted them into the baby-shoes. Oh! how lovely they were! How delicate and fairy-like! They were always ready to adorn her table or stand in the shade of the larger window plants. These, nurtured by a little daily sunshine, watered regularly and, in short, tended with reasonable care, last throughout the winter. She makes her little arrangements for the constant supply of parsley and mint during the winter. These, planted in common starch boxes and standing on shelf in the kitchen window, are always ready for garnishing or seasoning when needed. They would repay any one for the little care put upon them.

Don't be chary of the best china and the company glass-ware. Let it appear not at stated intervals, or on special occasions, but at such odd and freaky times that it may, perhaps, give unconscious pleasure to some older member of the family, or may provoke a smile from some child who has temporarily fallen out with his appetite. If you recognize the need for a cheerful and tempting table, do the best you can with your resources.



A MYSTERY.

SMALL BOY: "Mister, couldn't you help a poor boy whose mother is a widow, and out av worruk?"

GENTLEMAN: "Poor fellow! How long has your father been dead?"

SMALL BOY: "Twenty years, sor."

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—She who does not delight in giving happiness at the expense of her own ease and pleasure knows not the meaning of friendship. Before guests arrive, how eagerly is the best chamber aired and decked for the occasion! Then the hostess spreads a rug over a worn spot in the carpet, places a screen to shelter the bed from draught and leaves a vase of her friends' favourite flowers under the toilet glass. While writing, memory flies to a beautiful and orderly home presided over by one of the gentlest and truest of women. In the square guest chamber there are chairs and footrests of different heights, a lounge with shoulder shawl, slumber robe and pillows, shelves holding books of devotion and recreation, and on a table a writing case containing stationery, pens, ink and even postage stamps. Beside the water-jug and glasses can always be found a basket of apples and oranges. By the ample, well aired bed stands a toilet table, on which brushes and combs are flanked by a box of hair-pins and a work-box with needles, thread and thimble, and brushes for various uses. Near the door is a table some fifteen inches in height made on purpose to hold a trunk so as to save the irksomeness of stooping.

After breakfast you are expected to do as you please till the half past one o'clock dinner. The piano is at your service; so are the papers, books and magazines. The hostess has her own cares and duties which are only kept from being too onerous by perfect system. She generally will find time to go out with you if you choose to go, for, without especial demonstration your will is law.

The household machinery, oiled by her tact, is never heard to creak. Neither directions nor reproof are given to a servant before a third person. If there are disappointments, griefs or surprises, the visitor does not know it. Family affairs are kept strictly within the family.

A GENUINE TURNER.

"Darringer, this is the oddest painting I ever owned."

"Why so, Bromley?"

"With this side up, it looks like a winter landscape; turn the other end up and it is a fakir with a flowing white beard."

"Bromley, you've got a prize! It's a genuine Turner."—*Harper's Bazaar.*



MARY : Fer-m-e-n-t, ferment—to work.

MAMMA : Now, place it in a sentence to show me you really understand it.

MARY : In summer, I love to ferment in the garden.

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